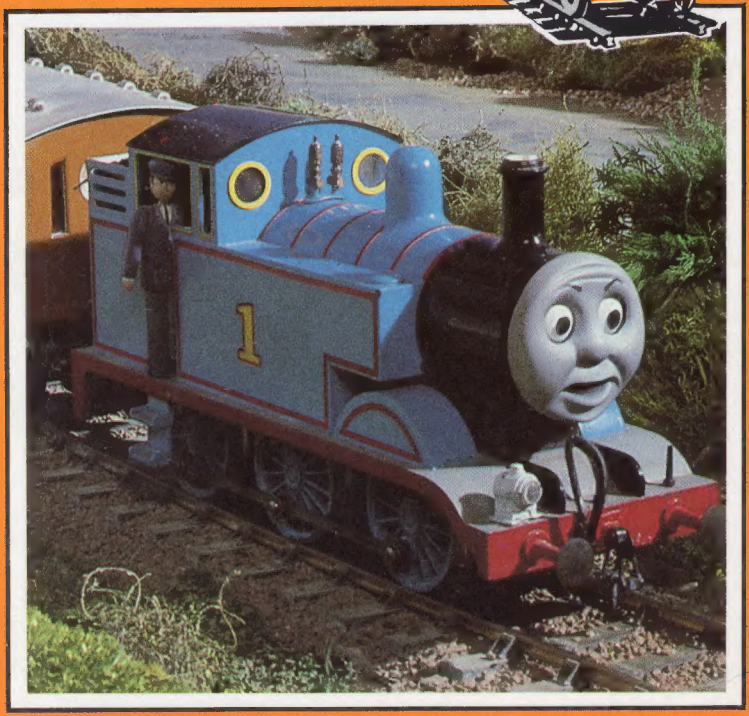
THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE & FRIENDS

THOMAS GOES FISHING

JAMES & THE TROUBLESOME TRUCKS

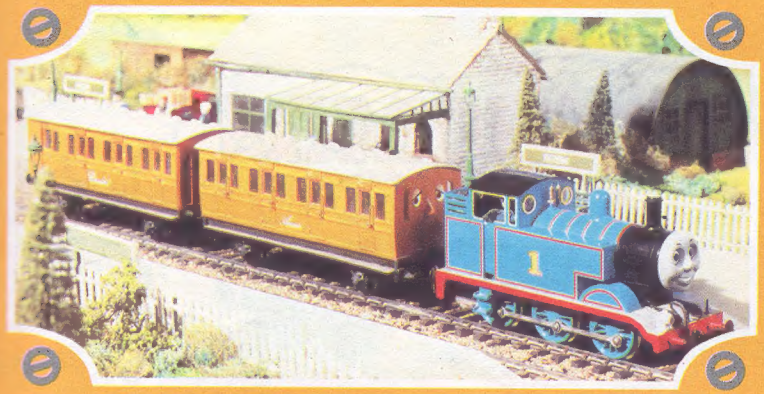


Based on *The Railway Series* by The Rev W Awdry

Thomas is a tank engine who lives at a station on the Island of Sodor. He is a cheeky little engine with six small wheels, a short stumpy funnel, a short stumpy boiler and a short stumpy dome.

Thomas has many friends who work at the station – Gordon the big blue engine, James the red engine, Edward, Henry, Percy, Toby and the Fat Controller, Sir Topham Hatt, who is in charge of all the engines.

The station is very busy and Thomas and his friends have many adventures which you can read about in this series. The stories are illustrated using colour photographs from the TV series.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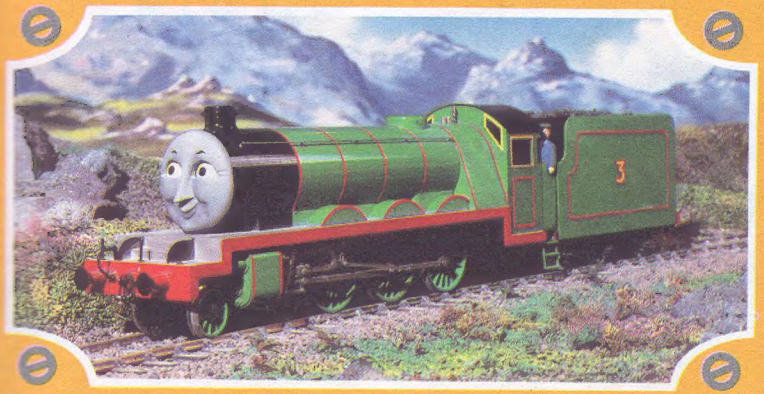
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THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE & FRIENDS

Based on
The Railway Series
by The Rev W Awdry

Ladybird Books

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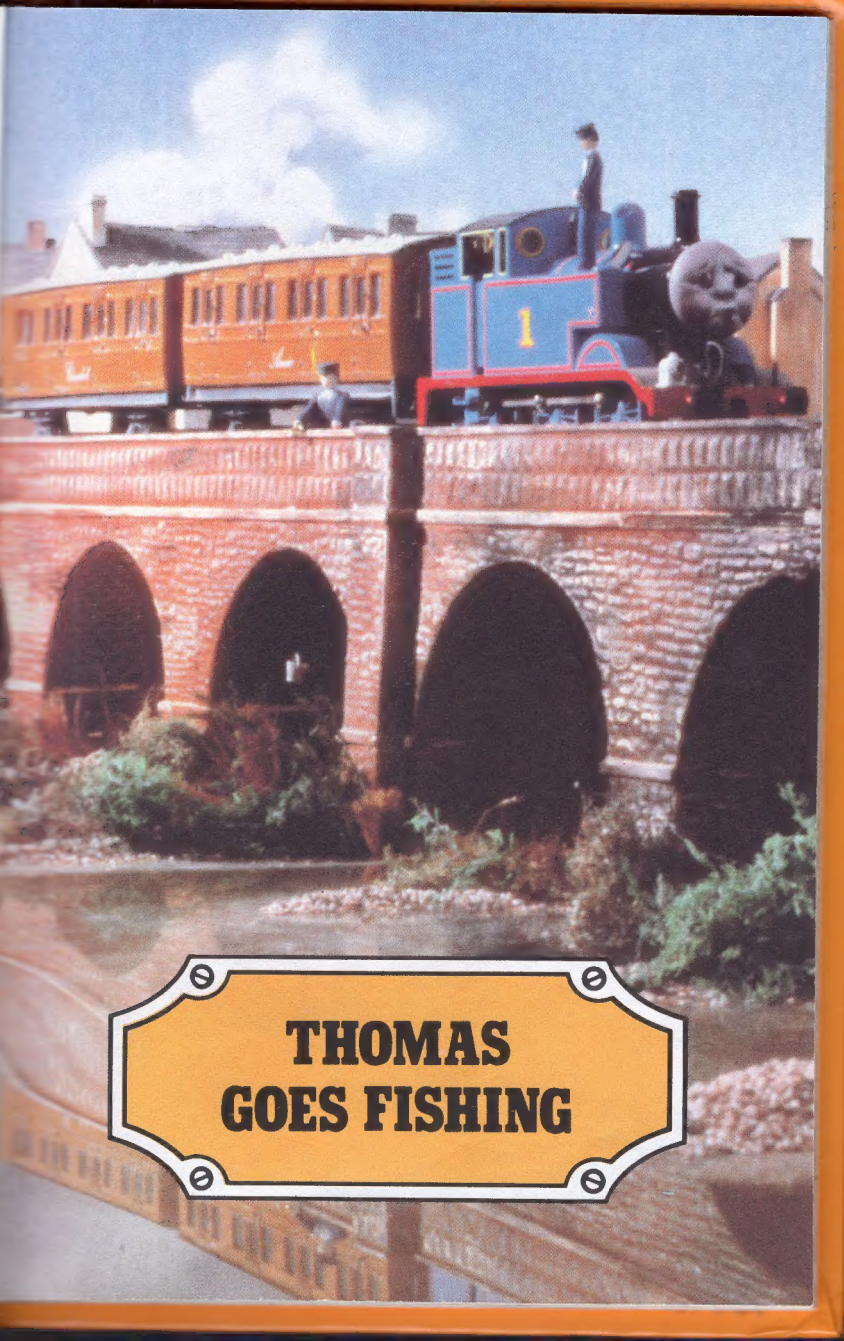
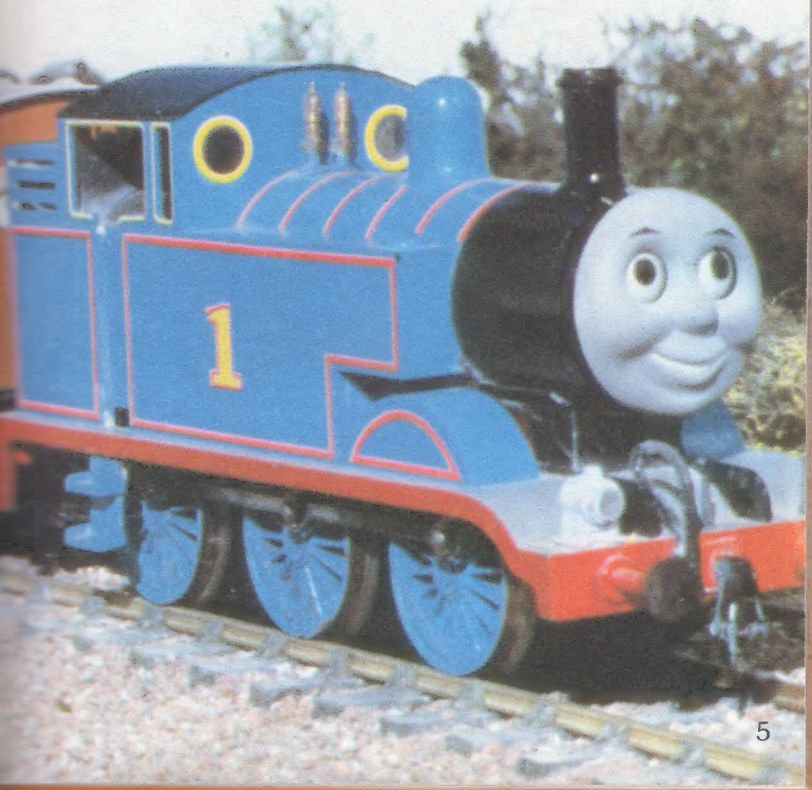

THOMAS
GOES FISHING

Thomas goes fishing

Thomas the Tank Engine had his own branch line. It was his reward for helping James, the red engine. The trucks had pushed James off the rails and Thomas had helped to rescue him.

Thomas was very proud of his branch line. Every day he puffed up and down with his two coaches, Annie and Clarabel. He always looked forward to something special...the river.



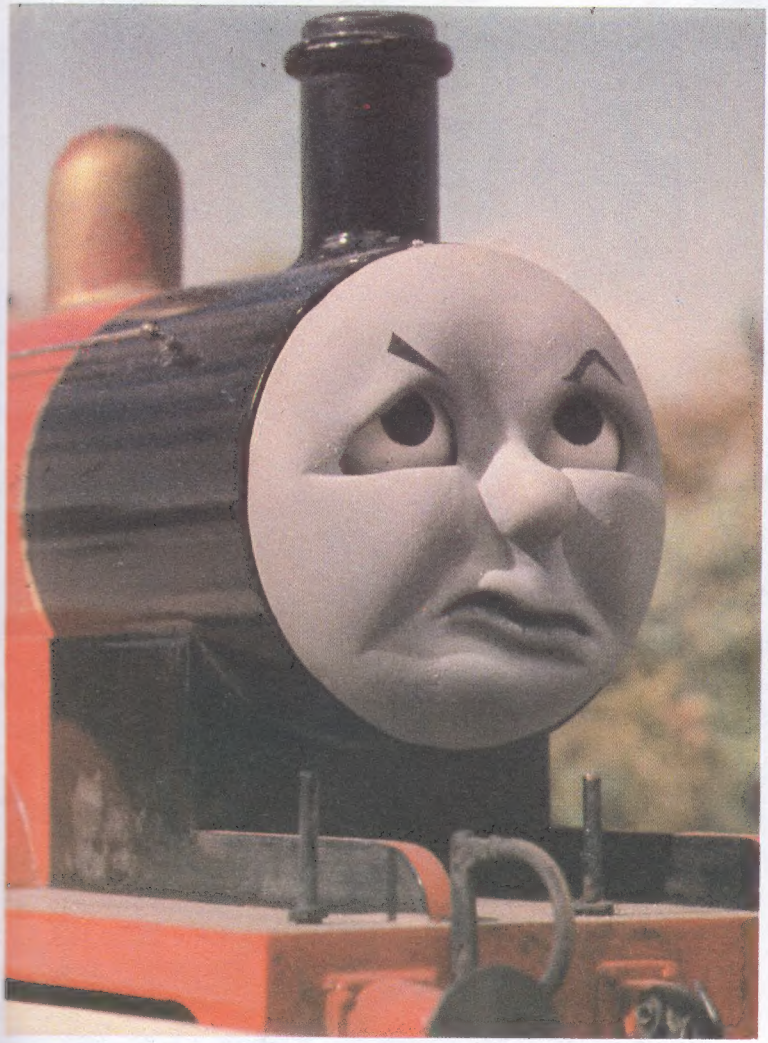
As he rumbled over the bridge he would see people fishing down below. He often wanted to stay and watch.

But his driver always said, "No! What would the Fat Controller say if we were late?"

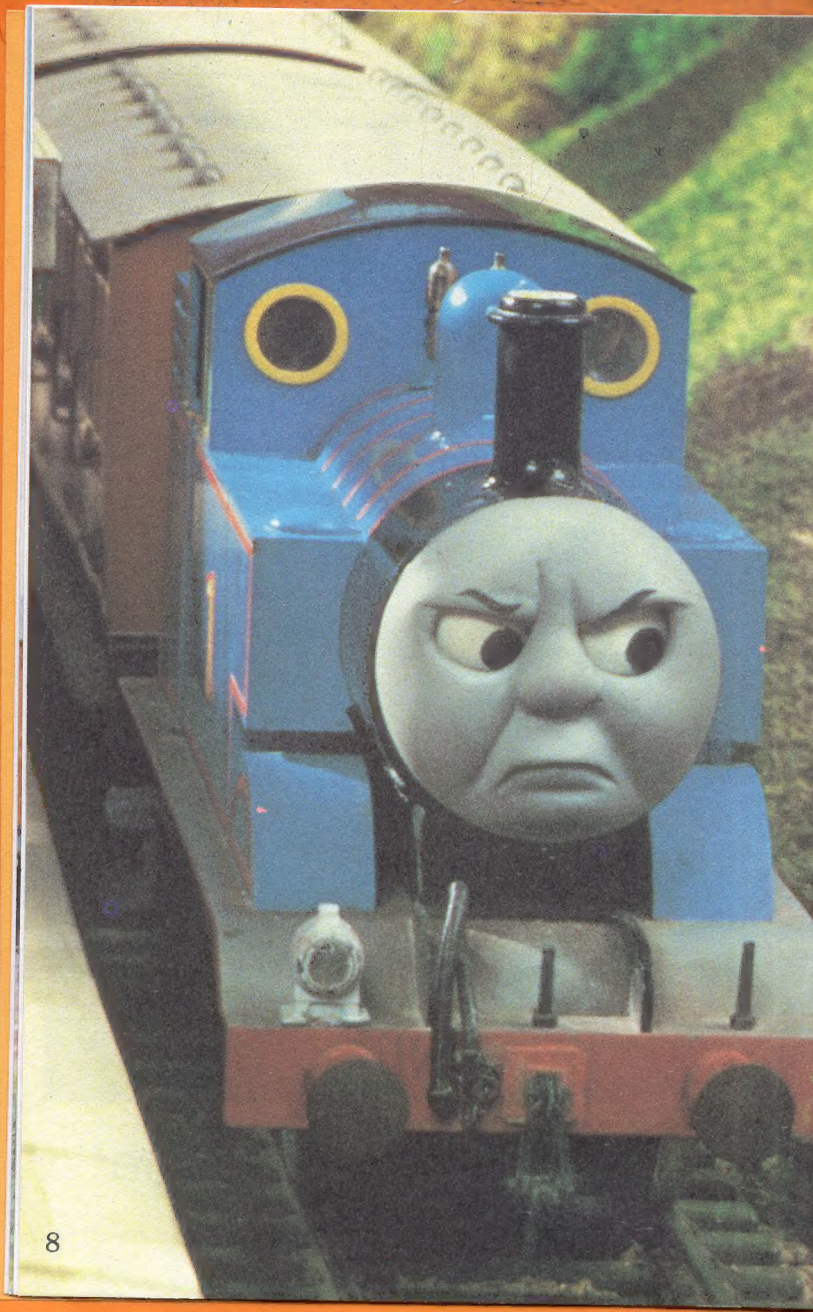
Thomas still thought it would be lovely to stop by the river and do some fishing.

Every time Thomas met another engine, he would say, "I want to fish."

But they all gave the same answer, "Engines don't go fishing!"



And that's just what James said as he passed Thomas that day.



One day, Thomas stopped as usual to take in water at the station by the river. Then he saw a big painted notice. It read, 'OUT OF ORDER.'

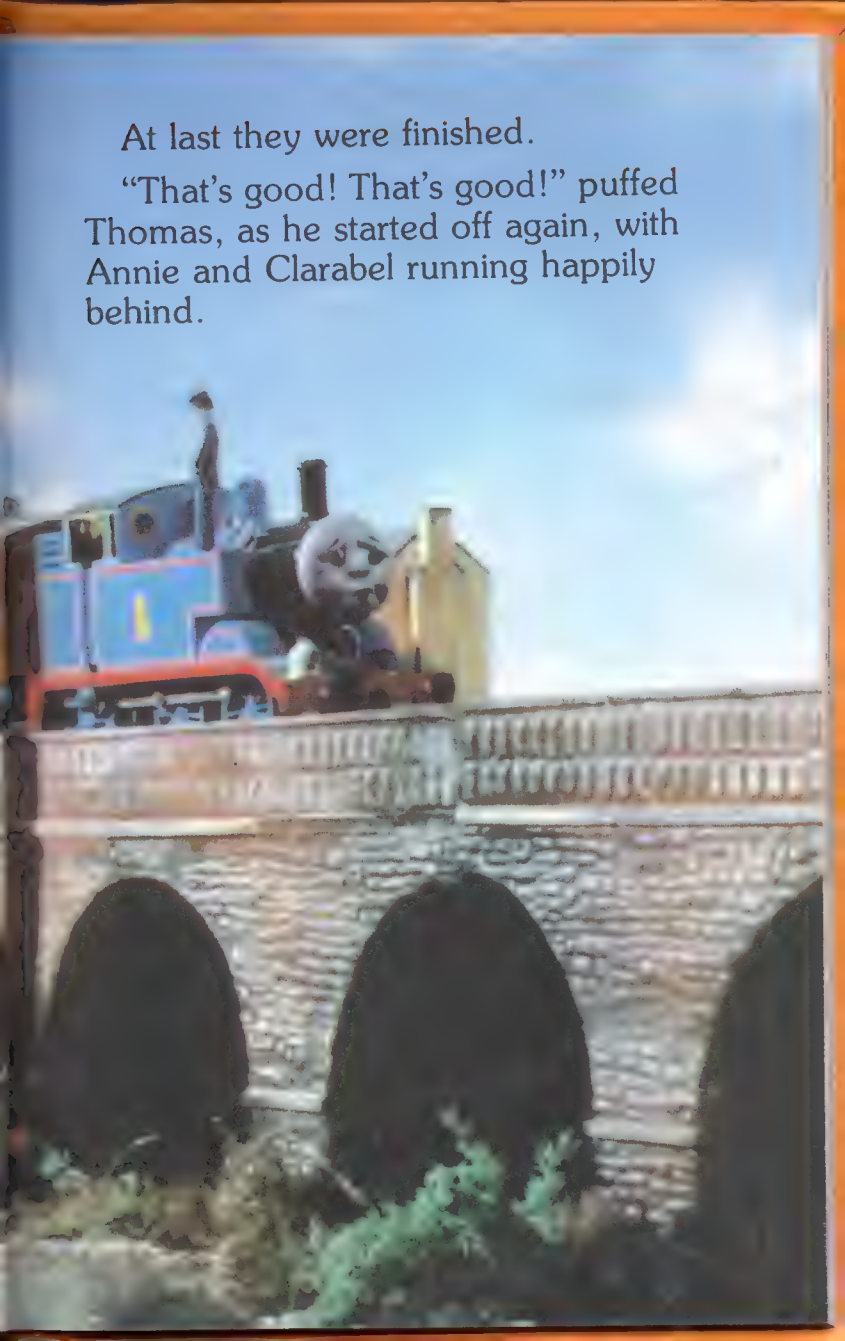
Thomas was very thirsty. The driver had an idea. They could get water from the river!

They found a bucket and some rope and went to the bridge. Then the driver let the bucket down into the water.

The bucket was old and had five holes. So they had to fill it, pull it up, and empty it into Thomas's tank as quickly as they could, again and again.

At last they were finished.

"That's good! That's good!" puffed Thomas, as he started off again, with Annie and Clarabel running happily behind.



They puffed along the valley until suddenly, Thomas began to feel a pain in his boiler. Steam began to hiss from his safety valve in an alarming way.

"There's too much steam," said his driver.

The fireman tried to let more water into the boiler, but none came.

"Oh dear!" groaned Thomas. "I'm going to burst! I'm going to burst!"

They damped down his fire and he struggled on.

"I've got such a pain! I've got such a pain!" Thomas hissed.

They stopped outside the last station and Annie and Clarabel were uncoupled. The driver ran Thomas onto a siding, right out of the way.

He was still hissing, fit to burst.

Then the guard telephoned for an Engine Inspector and the driver found two notices. They were written in large letters and read, 'DANGER. KEEP AWAY.'

Soon the Inspector and the Fat Controller arrived.

"Cheer up, Thomas!" they said. "We'll soon put you right."

The driver told them what had happened. The Engine Inspector thought that the trouble must be in the feed pipe.

ANGER
KEEP
AWAY

The Inspector climbed up to have a look. He peered in and then came down.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "Please look in the tank and tell me what you see."

So the Fat Controller clambered up, looked in and nearly fell off in surprise!

"Inspector," he whispered, "can you see *fish*?"

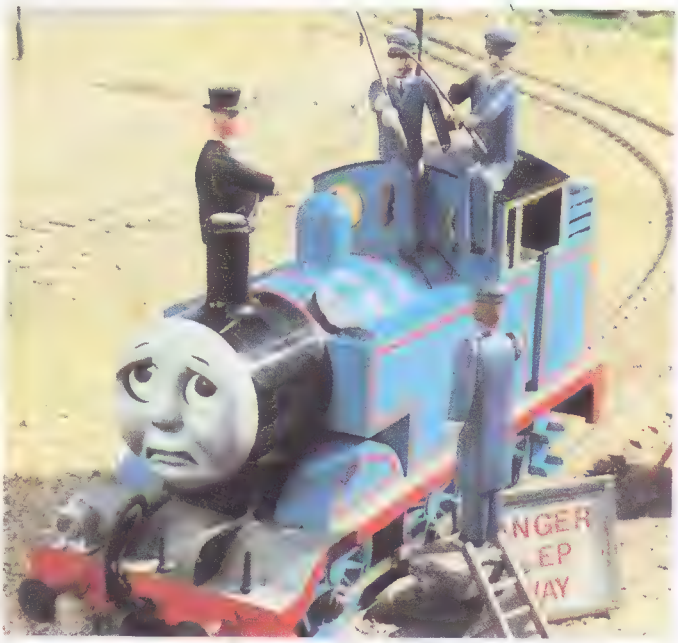
"Gracious, goodness me! How did the fish get there, Driver?" asked the Inspector.

GER

"We must have fished them out of the river with our bucket!" said Thomas's driver.

"Well, Thomas. So you and your driver have been fishing. But fish don't suit you. We must get them out," said the Fat Controller.

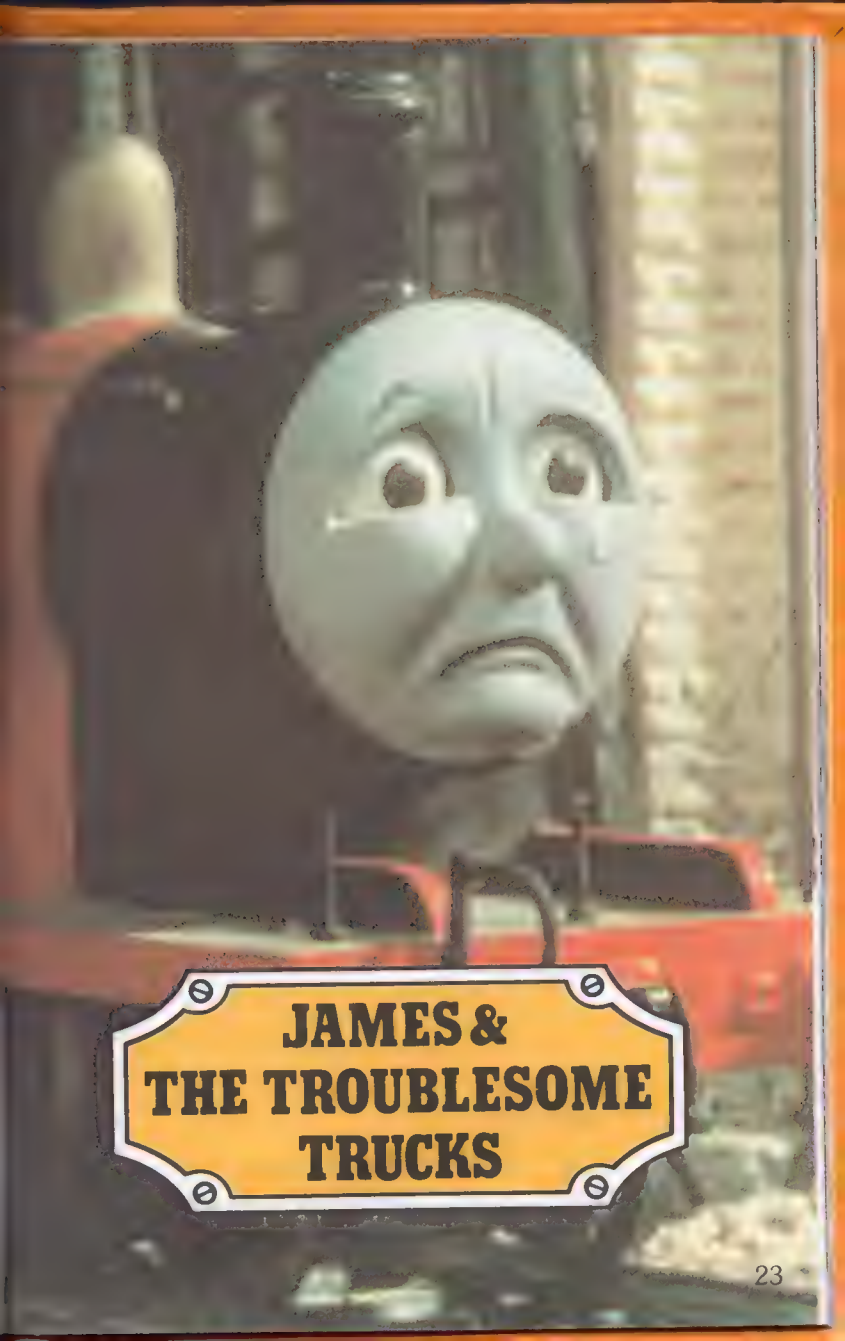
They took turns at fishing in Thomas's tank. The Fat Controller looked on and told them how to do it.



When they had caught all the fish, they had a lovely picnic supper of fish and chips.

"That was good!" said the Fat Controller, as he finished off his share. "But fish don't suit *you*, Thomas. So you mustn't do it again."

"No, sir, I won't," said Thomas sadly. "Engines don't go fishing. It's too uncomfortable!"


JAMES &
THE TROUBLESOME
TRUCKS

James and the troublesome trucks

James had not seen the Fat Controller for some time. Not since the day when he had nearly lost his red coat and been painted blue instead.

That was the time when James had been very naughty. First he had let off

steam and sprayed water on the Fat Controller's new top-hat. Then he had run too fast and made a hole in one of the coaches. The driver had to mend the hole with newspaper and a passenger's bootlace. The Fat Controller had been very angry.

Now James was alone in the shed. He was not even allowed out to push coaches and trucks in the yard.

At last the Fat Controller arrived and came to see him.

"I can see that you are sorry, James," he said. "I hope now that you will be a better engine."

"You have given me a lot of trouble," said the Fat Controller. "People are laughing at my railway, and I do not like it at all."

James said that he was very sorry and promised to be a better engine.

The Fat Controller said, "I want you to pull some trucks for me."

James was delighted and puffed away.

"Here are your trucks, James," said Thomas the Tank Engine. "Have you got some bootlaces ready?" Thomas ran off, laughing.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" said the trucks. "We want a proper engine, not a red monster."

But James took no notice and started as soon as the guard was ready.

"Come along, come along," he puffed. But the trucks were being naughty.

"We won't! We won't!" they screamed.

James took no notice and he pulled the screeching trucks sternly out of the station and onto the line.

The trucks tried very hard to make James give up, but he still kept on. Sometimes their brakes would slip on, and sometimes their axles would run hot.

Each time the trouble had to be put right, and each time, James would start again. But he was not going to let them beat him.

"Give up! Give up! You can't pull us," shouted the trucks.

But James puffed on, and slowly he pulled them along the line.

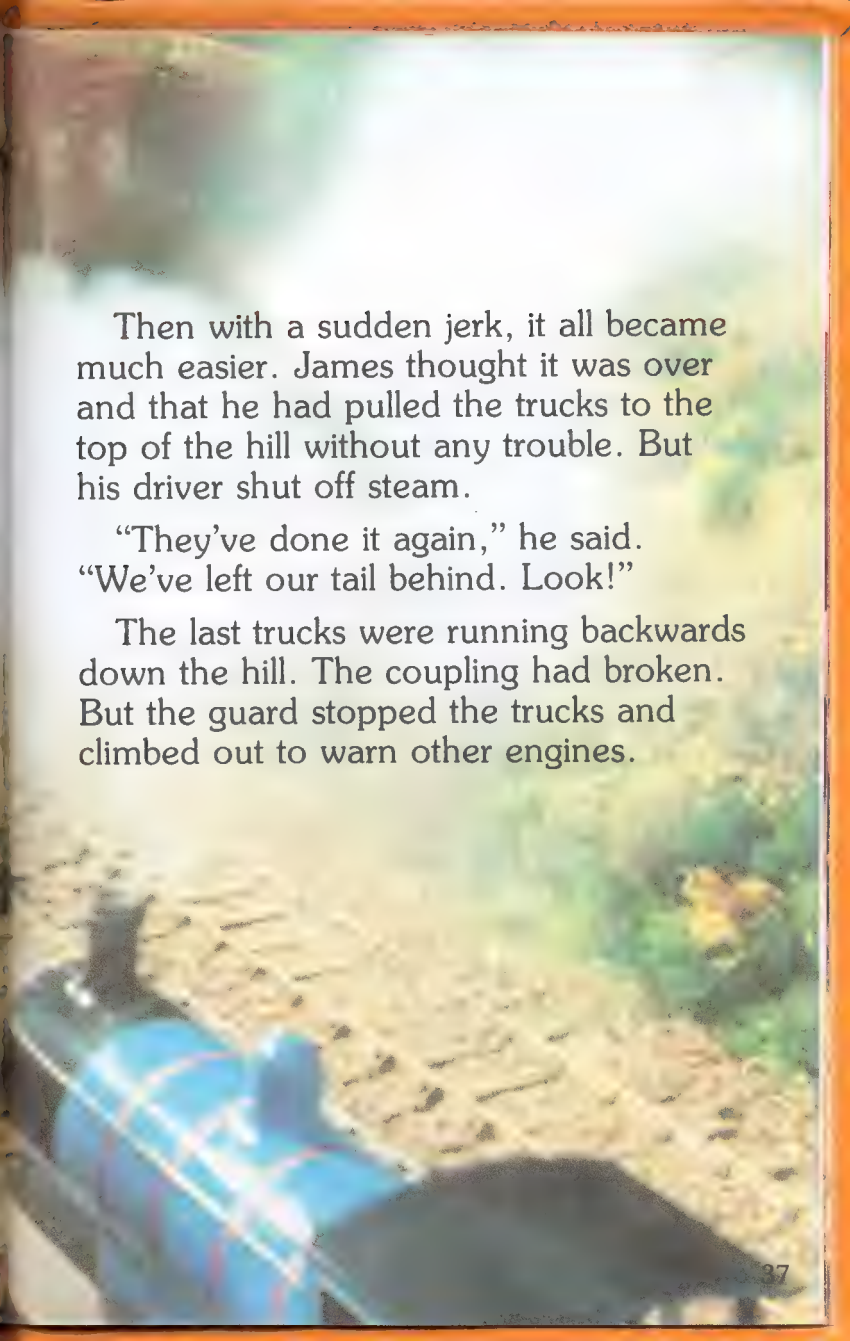
At last they saw Gordon's hill. This was the famous place where Gordon, the big proud engine, had once got stuck! Little Edward, one of the Tender Engines, had had to push Gordon up the hill!

As James came nearer to the hill, his driver warned him to be careful and to look out for trouble from the trucks.

"We'll go fast and get them up the hill before they know it," the driver whispered to James. "Don't let them stop you."

So James went faster and faster and soon they were half-way up the hill.

"I'm doing it! I'm doing it!" he panted. "Will the top ever come?"



Then with a sudden jerk, it all became much easier. James thought it was over and that he had pulled the trucks to the top of the hill without any trouble. But his driver shut off steam.

"They've done it again," he said. "We've left our tail behind. Look!"

The last trucks were running backwards down the hill. The coupling had broken. But the guard stopped the trucks and climbed out to warn other engines.

"That's why it was so easy," said James, as he backed the other trucks carefully down the hill. "What silly things trucks are. There might have been an accident."

Edward had come along. He offered to help but James had decided that *he* was going to pull these trucks by himself.

"Good," said Edward. "Don't let them beat you!"

James struggled slowly up the hill. He pulled and puffed as hard as he could. After a long time he finally pulled the trucks to the top.

"I've done it! I've done it!" he cried, and his driver cheered.

They reached the station safely and James was resting in the yard when Edward pulled up.

"Peep, peep!" he whistled.

Then James saw the Fat Controller. He thought that he would be in trouble. But the Fat Controller was smiling. He had been in Edward's train and he had seen everything.

"You've made the most troublesome trucks on the line behave," he said. "After that, you deserve to keep your red coat!"

MILK
MILK
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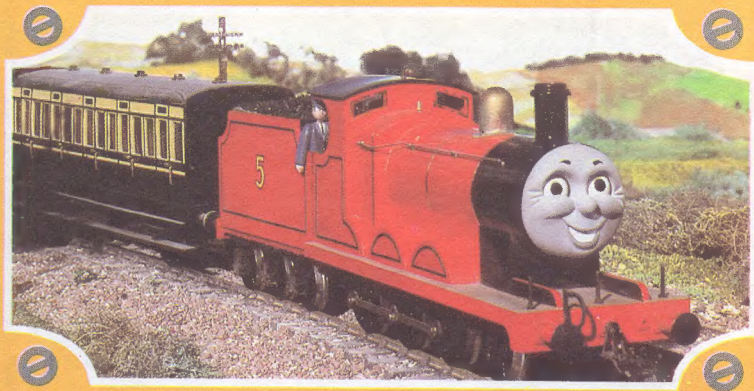

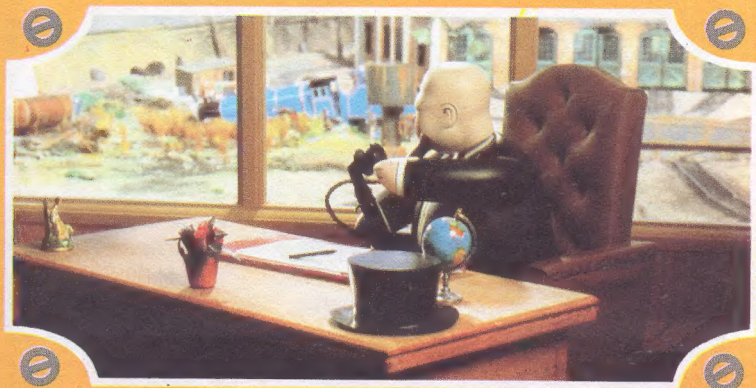

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